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THE DRAMA OF EDEN



—BY—

Rev. A. M. Russell

**Until Recently
Pastor of Hamilton Square Baptist Church
San Francisco, Cal.**



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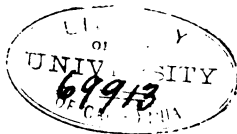
A. M. Russell -

Wupa City
March 9th
1898





REV. A. M. RUSSELL,
PASTOR BAPTIST CHURCH, NAPA CITY, CAL.



The Drama of Eden...

PART I.



— CHARACTERS —

- (1) INTERLOCUTOR
- (2) ADAM
- (3) EVE
- (4) THE VOICE (Concealed speaker)
- (5) THE TEMPTER
- (6) CHORUS OF GIRLS (representing angels)



SUGGESTIVE SCENERY.

Place—a garden traversed by a water-course; trees, fruits and flowers on either side. Animals of all kinds in friendly league. An artificial bower concealing its occupants. Lights turned low.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Prologue by Interlocutor.

Inter.

"This vast expanse one total darkness was."
"Till God said: "Let there be light,
And there was light." (Lights turned on.)

At his command forth there came
Of forms an ever varying kind.

One of stately majesty was,
 As if for dominion born,
 O'er all else in this lower world.
 Forth he came and names he gave
 To all cattle and every creeping thing.
 When before him all had passed;
 Joined each to the other by nature's
 Strongest link, of sex distinct;
 And by gentle wooings showed
 That they were for each other meant,
 No companion had for him been found.
 Solitary and alone he entered his bowery home,
 There in silence to meditate,
 Or, if speaking, to be his only auditor.
 But, from his own lips his story best is told;
 Lo! he comes, and for himself shall speak.

Ex. Inter. Enter Adam.

A.

A world so vast! A companionship so small!
 Whence came I? How my own voice startles me!
 Heard it not before;
 My inner musings all my language was;
 But now, as of a fountain sealed, it must break forth.
 And waste its strength upon the ambient air.

A world of wealth lies at my feet,
 Ministering to my daily wants.
 Health and strength continually upon me wait,
 As servants faithful to their lord.
 Life have I in profuse abundance;
 Age upon age may crown my days,
 Yet, surely a deeper joy of companionship would come.
 What were an eternity of fruits and flowers
 Mid a solitude like this?

Doth nature herself outrage,
Mating all else; shall man live alone?

[A voice startles Adam from his reverie.]

Voice—

"It is not good that man should be alone,
I will make a helpmeet unto him."

[Awe-inspired Adam bows low; veils his brow with his
hand, then speaking, says:]

Heard not I another self?

Whence this voice so like my own,
Bringing sweet hope of fond deliverance
From this dire loneliness?

In yonder's bower I will lie me down to sleep,
And dream of joy hidden in the words:

"I will make an helpmeet unto him."

[He moves across the stage to a bower and lies down to
sleep. Curtain falls.]

LOVE, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

SCENE II.

Curtain rises.

[Adam awakes, sits up. Near him and intently, yet
modestly looking upon him, is a beautiful woman
in simple attire. He rubs his eyes, is confused,
gazes long and silently upon her, and then speaks:]

A.

Am I dreaming yet, or has the Voice of promise
been fulfilled,

And this fair creature sent, my companionship to prove?

[He arises and carefully surveys, with wonderous amaze-
ment the fair one before him; then speaking, says:]

These few moments of sweetest rapture in thy fair pres-
ence spent,

More than compensate the loss in an age of waiting.
 I passed, it seems to me, an eternity waiting for thee.
 [In half adoring attitude he again speaks.]
 Of all the creatures in boundless fullness given,
 Thou art fairest, and partakest most of heaven.

[She averting her face listens.]

Thy matchless form hath every lineament of grace
 While thine eyes lend perfection to thy lovely face;
 Through their pure light thy soul doth sweetly shine;
 Proving thee almost, if not quite divine.
 In possessing thee I should all wealth enjoy,
 And in serving thee my moments best employ.

* * * * *

This my life dream long hath been, and had
 I nought else than thy sweet companionship
 Then were my cup with joy quite overflown.

* * * And yet, thy own sweet will must be matched
 to mine

Or, else, all this boundless wealth were profusion multi-
 plying sorrow.

Had I not known thee—by this one hour of thy fair
 presence

Then had this garden with its ten thousand bewitching
 charms

My every want supplied and my happiness fulfilled.

* * * * *

But now with heaven above to smile upon me;
 With a world of wealth at my command,
 I am but poor and miserable without thee.
 Thy fond presence hath put new thoughts within my
 soul.

Hope hath mounted on freer wing,
 And joy taken on deeper meaning.



All nature's music to my own soul
In sweet harmony doth respond;
For thou hast complemented all,
And art to me the last fond desire of my being—
* * * Fair one, may I not in thee find the helpmate
pledged;

If not, then why upon my loneliness intrude
Only to awaken a hope within me to be doomed
To a disappointment
More bitter than death and darker than despair?

[With down cast eyes he moves back and forth across
the stage and then resumes:]

But, fairest one, it ill becomes me to bide thy silence
longer,
Speak, I know canst, and the witchery of thy voice shall
thrice thrill my soul.

[He pauses—she speaks:]

E. All is new and strange to me,
But just now for the first time woke to consciousness,
For the first time mine eyes were ravished
With the beauties of this lovely place;
Beauties of landscape, sun and flower;
Beauties of form and movement graceful;
Then songs of sweetest carol greet mine ear.
All, all, is music of richest store,
Rare odors and spicy breezes float on the richly laden
air,
And gladden every moment of my new being;
Thrilling my soul with ten thousand joys
Hitherto unknown.
Yet, from all these I gladly turn away
To find my companionship in thee.
[They meet in modest embrace. The curtain falls.]

THE MARRIAGE SANCTIONED.

SCENE III.

Curtain rises.

[Seated amid a profusion of flowers are the young lovers. A voice breaks the silence:]

Voice—

I am well pleased with thy mutual choice.
 Happy shalt thou be listening to the Voice.
 This fairy fane of fruits and flowers,
 Of singing birds and shady bowers,—
 Brooklets filled with water sweet,
 And carpets green beneath thy feet,
 Of sun o'er head and azure sky,
 Of warbling songsters flitting by,
 Thy dwelling place and home shall be
 While thou dost heed and follow me,
 The tree of life to thee I give,
 By it thou mayest eat and live.

"But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat

For, in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

[Spoken in tone of great authority.]

Curtain falls.

THE TEMPTATION.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Curtain rises.

[Prominent in the foreground is the tempter, arrayed as an angel of light.]

[Seated on a green sward in listening attitude are the young lovers.]

Temp.—

Beauteous creatures!

Fit companionship for the Gods!

I come to do obeisance as well I might,
 Seeing I am servant of all,
 [He bows low.]
 And most gladly do I impart,
 What I, by long experience know,
 To those less favored by lapse of time and circumstance
 To all who are new, of late arrived,
 There is One who feign would give his law for their control.

True, he comes not forth as ye see me do,
 But, from deep concealment gives his Voice forth
 Much to the fear and trembling of weak and timid
 souls.

[After a brief pause.]
 For one, long ages since, I threw his shackles off,
 [Here he gave a spasmodic movement indicative of violent inward pain.]

And through knowledge thus acquired,
 Have liberated many who otherwise had been
 His servile vassals since.
 Free as the unfettered wind came I forth,
 And forth as free I go.
 Who then shall say: "Thus far shalt thou go and no
 farther?"

Trifling too, oft his prohibitions are,
 Descending to the fruitful tree
 Made to impart knowledge of divinest sort,
 Elevating him who eats, to the rank and dignity of the
 gods.

But, not longer to intrude I haste away,
 Giving first assurance that:
 To do you service, I hither came.

[With a polite bow he retires.]

[After a brief pause Adam speaks:]

A.

How strange the spell this visitor hath woven around me!
 In his mighty grasp of knowledge
 He doth my feeble powers quite overcome.
 Still, I hold in doubt his plight of service.
 Saw you not through the mockery of his disguise,
 When once while speaking he was with inward pain
 quite convulsed?

His form with trembling shook,
 His face, so fair to look upon,
 Distorted and pale became,
 As if tormented with deadly fear.
 Surely his exterior fair gives promise of a fairer world
 within

Where all is light and peace,
 Where no chill of dark remorse holds court,
 With memories borrowed from a fateful past.
 Somehow he doth not attach himself to me
 As one from whom wisdom should be sought;
 And, since the Voice that at first,
 Such world of promise gave, (later fulfilled in thee.)
 Doth our every want supply, and daily guard our steps,
 Why should we, who now are one,
 To a stranger turn aside,
 And, turning, forsake the Tree of Life
 As yet untouched?
 Need we more, my fairest one,
 To bless the union of our joys
 Than heaven's princely grant bestowed already,
 Of earth's fair domain both far and near,
 Of dominion vast over all below?

Eve.

Your word, my lord, my law shall be.
 'Tis true our bounty is quite enlarged

Than what could larger be?
 Yet, there was something in the stranger's air.
 Of more than earthly sort.
 That he long hath been, and is of knowledge quite re-
 plete,
 We may not dwell in doubt;
 Then, his offer of kindly service we cannot well refuse,
 And should he come again, to question him
 And of his wide experience reap,
 Might best become our simple state.

Adam.

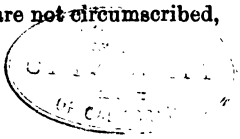
My fairest, I would not deign to give thee law
 Yet, since the Voice hath of late ordained
 That henceforth we shall be one,
 I would thee well advise;
 Beware of one so free of proffered service!
 'Neath the witchery of his manner
 May lie a purpose fell,
 As meant the Voice when it said:
 "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."
 [This sentence he scarce had finished when from beneath
 his breath he exclaimed:]
 Hist, lo! he comes again, and audience we must give.

Enter Tempter.

Hail, thou rightful lord of all this lower world,
 And thou, fit companion in place and power,
 Long live and reap the favors I haste to bring.
 Richly indeed art thou endowed;
 Boundless place and power are thine,
 Yet, may thy sphere be wide enlarged,
 To have and hold and more enjoy.

A.

Of dominion we are not circumscribed,



Earth, air and ocean our tributaries are,
 And from their boundless wealth we all enjoy—

* * * * *

T.

True, yet while one prohibition is all else suffers
 limitation

And binds in chains what otherwise were free—

* * * 'Tis eventide. Seest thou yonder's brilliant
 star,

Lustrous blazing orb—proud Hesperus?

Once in obscurity, bound in chains he feebly sat

'Till your servant made him free

And gave him place and power, affluent with light di-
 vine—

Go, look abroad at night—facing well the north

And there of all the star-lit train behold

That blazing sun that shall in coming ages the seaman's
 course direct—

Or, turning well to east, the seven matchless sisters see,

Whose sweet influence binds all within their course

Leaving blessings in their train—

These, with a countless host yet unknown,

Have I given place from stations such as thine

Only yesterday I paid them court,

And to you their princely greetings bring,

With desires strong for your deliverance

From a thralldom so despised.

* * * I too, proud Lucifer am, "Son of the morn-
 ing,"

Erstwhile "in bodily presence weak and speech con-
 temptible"

The better audience to prove to those

As yet not translated to a place among the gods—

* * * Would'st thou too, soar on boundless wing;

And through all space thy triumphs sing;
 Then yield thy guidance unto me;
 Eat ye of the forbidden tree
 Ye shall not die as saith the Voice
 Then no longer delay thy choice.
 * * * In eating thou shalt clearly see
 Why the Voice hath so dealt with thee
 —Well doth he know that this fruit divine
 Shall impart thee knowledge—such as mine—
 Shall raise thee both to place and power—
 And give thee freedom—this very hour!

* * * * *

A.
 Avaunt, proud tempter I will not dispise the Voice
 Nor in disobedience will I find my choice.
 Haste, get thee hence, no more return.
 Thy false offers I scorn and spurn!

Exit Tempter hurriedly.

Curtain falls.

EVE WARNED OF DANGER.

SCENE II.

Curtain rises.

[Adam and Eve in earnest conversation.]

A.
 Said I not well to thee "beware of service proffered?"
 Once more I say "beware," for lurks there mischief
 In his every word and look.
 We may not brook his presence longer
 Lest our innocence he should beguile
 And with flattering words deceive.
 Audience henceforth we will no longer give.
 To one so full of dark revolt
 Against our rightful Lord.

E.

My liege, my sovereign and my lord,
 On thee I stay, held by thy sweet command;
 Nor threats, nor pleadings, nor temptation's guile
 Could sever my heart from thine.
 Yet, the fascinating stranger well doth reason,
 That with one prohibition no soul can be free.
 Surely the highest triumph of being freedom is.
 See these, thy willing slaves, the lower animals,
 How they come and serve at thy beck and call,
 Nor dream of higher thought than simple service brings.
 Had they but perfect knowledge
 Would they thus serve and cringe to man?

A.

The Voice hath formed them all.
 Their title deeds proceed from Him.
 All nature serves.
 The sun goes forth each day,
 Clad in light almost divine,
 And, lighting the heavens above,
 Casts his robe of light over all below
 When he his day hath wrought,
 And gently sinks to rest.
 The queen of night, with her galaxy of sons and daughters,
 come forth
 To perform their nightly task,
 Retiring only before the light of the "King of day."
 Serve we not each other?
 Thy hand doth to me most tempting offerings bring,
 While my heart and hand are ever open thy service to
 perform.

* * * * *

To gladden the earth the gentle shower doth come down,
 And in return all Nature sings.

Proof abundant that we were for service meant,
 And that in simple service our highest pleasure lies.

* * * * *

Then, may not the tree forbidden have a blessing in it
 That in touching we should forever lose,
 And with it lose our high estate
 In Eden's joyous home?

The ministry of ten thousand blessings daily upon us
 wait,

While angels their nightly vigils keep.

The Voice, although unseen, is surely ever near
 Our daily steps to guard, and our every want supply.

* * * * *

But, the hour has come for rest;
 To our love-lit home we will now repair
 And dream of joys yet in store.
 Lo, hear ye not the voices of the happy throng?
 [Unseen voices singing.]

"Making melody to the night,"
 And chanting the praise of Him
 Who first didst send them forth,
 'When all the sons of God shouted for joy
 Over the birth of a new world."
 That song, sung long ages since,
 My soul with rapture doth enthrill:
 In their sweet refrain, we too will join.
 [They join in the refrain while the curtain falls.]

SATAN'S AFTERMATH.

SCENE III.

[Curtain Rises. Tempter only in sight. After a silence,
 breaks forth in soliloquy:]

Temp.

Cursed ambition that could not rest
 Until it was itself cast down!

Cursed be the day of my revolt
 Now past all recall.
 And burning with fires of fiercest hell!
 What I might have been, had not
 Proud ambition seized my soul,
 And in his fiery course dragged me down
 (And with me one-third part of the stars of heaven fell
 To nethermost depths below).
 Forever will remain unknown.
 Once in integrity I was strong, and dauntless stood,
 But now a breath of prayer from yonder's feeble folk
 [Pointing toward the bower.]
 Canst cast me down and make me suppliant!
 All, all is lost! but I will not sink alone!
 Repelled but yesterday, I will my attack renew,
 And seek by other means to compass mine end.
 The empire of his being I must control,
 Enthroned my accursed will within his soul.
 Early doth he rise and to his task go forth,
 To dress the garden and to keep it.
 A task, not self-imposed, but on him laid
 By the Voice, as to him yet quite unknown.
 I'll seek to find him thus engaged
 And his other self I'll ply
 With arts of cunning will,
 Born in perdition's dark abode,
 And deceiving her, through her I will the man deceive.
 Thus shall their garb of childish innocence be exchanged
 For robes of sin's best weaving.

Exit Tempter.

Curtain falls.

TEMPTATION CONTINUED.

SCENE IV.

[Adam in extremity of garden trimming a tree. Eve in

the door of her bower adjusting a boquet of flowers. Tempter in the background, ventures to the door of the bower.

Temp.

Most humbly yours, and pardon craved for this intrusion,

Allow me to explain what otherwise offence has given.

I too doth serve the hidden Voice

And in his will oft find my choice.

Yet, in the use of a freer mind

Higher pleasures I am sure to find.

Thrice wooed I your husband to partake

That he might his yoke of bondage break,

And on soaring wing celestial rise,

Taking his way through the vaulted skies,

Rising to heights hitherto unknown,

'Mid the starry hosts to place his throne.

All this and more, at his command

Will come to thee, if by thy hand

Thou wilt but break this servile chain,

Sweet freedom thou shalt surely gain;

Bring to thyself a richer dower,

Increase thy sight, extend thy power.

The tyrant's rule ye shall henceforth spurn,

The good and evil ye will discern.

* * * * *

This tree is good for food and pleasant to the eyes,

A tree much to be desired to make one wise,

A proof that in the hidden Voice

He would limit thee, control thy choice,

Would bind thee to this narrow place,

Deny thee freedom's richer grace,

Thee and thy lord, vassals of his will,

His pleasure, not thine own, to fulfil.

* * * * *

In thy hand doth lodge the power,
To break this chain this very hour.
Through azure depths thy freedom sing,
Mounting on ethereal wing,
Soaring to worlds before unknown,
And on highest height place thy throne.
Eating ye shall not die but live;
Then eat and to thy husband give.

[He pauses, she speaks.]

E.

Thy speech doth set my soul on fire,
Kindling within a strong desire
To share the wisdom of which you sing,
To rise and soar on freedom's wing.
Nor will I longer my right refuse
Since I possess the power to choose.
I will exercise this right of mine
By freely eating this fruit divine.
[She reaches forth, plucks the fruit, tastes it, seems delighted, then staggers and falls down in a swoon.]

Exit Tempt.

Curtain falls.

EVE'S CONFESSION TO ADAM.

Curtain rises.

SCENE V—Eve lying on the ground. A. bending over her.

A.

What strange affection this!
Hath sudden sleep her eyelids left still unsealed?
Whence this rain of tears—hitherto unknown?
Heaves her bosom as if by anguish torn,

Caused mayhap by some sudden fright,
 Or, else perchance by my presence too long delayed.
 * * * I must her awake and chase away those tears—
 that have unbidden come.

(Tries to awake her).

Awake, awake, my fair one awake and to me recount
 The hidden source of all thy grief.
 Shall thy fair bosom with grief be torn
 And mine remain untouched?

It cannot be since we are one to all that life pertains.

(She slowly returns to consciousness—gazes about her
 —their eyes meet—she averts her glance—buries
 her face in her hands and sobs aloud).

* * * * *

A.

What weird vision hast thou seen that with spectre wild
 Thou art with fright quite overcome?

* * * * *

E.

Speak not to me—to one who am so debased!

That arch-fiend hath my soul undone

And robbed me of my priceless innocence.

Only one hour since and all nature smiled—

The Voice gently whispered "Thou art my child."

The heavens above were bright with holy joy,

I was with thy love crowned—without alloy.

* * * But, now, alas, all, all is lost!

I am no longer thine; all, all is dark within.

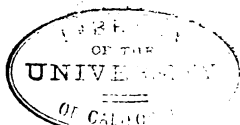
* * Memory, once a source of joy, now ministers to
 my woe.

The morrow, hitherto, so full of hope,

Now torments with deadly fear!

* * * Love thee I do, but yet with hopeless love,

Since I have all abandoned by thee held dear—



Severing every chord, once binding my heart to thine.

A.

What hast thou done thus to cast thee down in such
grief and agony?

Hast thou despised the voice of Him
Who first our being gave and with it all else.

E.

Alas! thou hast well opined the secret source
Of all that now torments within,
And given to the world a word
Hitherto unknown—"Sin."
Alone I found thee—alone I leave thee
Henceforth thy companionship from my heart is forever
torn.

This fruit (holding it up temptingly) doth our souls
divide,

So that we are no longer one but twain,
And in kingdoms quite distinct.
' Twixt which there is a gulf impassable
Of this thou knowest not now,
Since thine eyes are holden
And from such knowledge quite concealed.

A.

O fairest of the fair, tell me not
That aught shall our souls divide!
I cannot, will not live without thee,
Let what may betide.
For thee my life I most freely give,
Without thee I cannot dare to live.
Better far ten thousand deaths
Than life void of thy companionship.

* * * * *

I throw myself in the breach.

Death, thou canst only do thy worst!
 Now hurl thy cruel shafts at me.
 On me I take the guilt of all her sin (pointing at Eve),
 And with joy drain thy cup
 Even to its bitter dregs.

E.

(Transportingly) O life of my life!
 And dost thou to the rescue come!
 To share with me my bitter fate
 In exile from this glorious home!
 Eat of this fruit (holding it up temptingly),
 From this garden we shall be driven ;
 But we will find in each other yet another heaven.

* * * * *

A.

To join thee in thy fate is highest bliss of heaven.
 Suffering for and with thee shall be freely given.
 Hand me the fruit

(She hands it to him ; he eats and says):

The fatal deed now is done ;
 Henceforth we are united—not twain but one—
 One in love, one in life, one in sin,
 One in death.

(He staggers ; she embraces him ; they fall together).
 Curtain falls.

[END OF PART I].

The Drama of Eden

PART II.

Prologue: "The Ruin Sin Hath Wrought."

Scenery much changed, disorder, fallen trees, dead animals, etc., etc. Characters same as in Part I, save the chorus of angels wanting and the introduction of Angel Gabriel.

ACT I—SCENE I.

Interlocutor.

How shall be described
That which all thought transcends?
Scarce had man of the forbidden tree partook
Than lo! the earth reeled to and fro like a drunken man
And quaked as if seized with deadly pain!
The sun, hitherto so bright,
Ashen pale became and transfixed stood,
As if paralyzed with fear.
"Then on his fiery course he whirled 'till close of day."
The moon came forth with her nightly train,
All trembling and pale
With much of her beauty lost.
No song of angel that night was heard
In Eden's hitherto joyous home.
The beasts of the field,
Wont to dwell in friendly league,
At each other enraged became
And in fierce encounter met.

To crown the terrors of this first night of woe,

A dreadful storm arose;
 Dark clouds enswathed the heavens,
 Lightnings to lightnings flashed,
 Thunders to thunders spoke,
 Howling the dirge of death as night wore on.
 That night seemed an age ere morning came.
 And when it came—oh how changed!
 "All the foundations of the earth were out of course."
 Death and destruction reigned almost supreme.
 Uptorn trees with their lightning-scathed trunks lay along,
 While here and there an animal,
 Lacerated in the combat of the night, in its blood lay dead.
 Birds of song and of plumage beauty rare,
 Strewed the storm-swept earth,
 While from their deserted mates,
 On broken boughs near by,
 A plaintive song was heard—
 A threnody of woe.

* * * * *

Only the cooing dove had not lost the sweetness of its
 note,
 A prophesy of hope for fallen man ;
 But, enter thou the garden and for thyself behold .
 The ruin sin hath wrought.
 See yonder's fountain, once so sweet and pure,
 At which angels delighted drank,
 The thirst now no longer slakes, but brackish has become.
 These flowers, once so beautiful to look upon
 And of such fragrance rare, now wither at the touch of
 man
 And lose their sweet perfume.
 The carol of the woodland songster
 Is now no longer heard,
 And "all the daughters of music are brought low."

Ambrosial fruits once hung on every side,
 And of their nectar sweetness,
 Man and angel might freely take.
 But now the fruit is blasted and its sweetness fled.

* * * * *

The Tree of Life alone survived the storm untouched,
 And when morning came,
 In new and living beauty stood,
 And with delicate traceries rare
 (Its branches by gentle breezes fanned),
 Seemed to be writing "Hope"
 Upon the azure page of heaven.

* * * * *

But, my work is done ;
 Of the ruin wrought in man
 He for himself shall speak.
 Behold he comes and I to him give place.

Exit Interlocutor.

[Enter Adam. Tempter in an obscure place leering at
 Adam.]

A.

"The wages of sin is death."
 Now know I the meaning of those dread words :
 "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."
 Yes, I am dead. Dead to love,
 To joy, to hope, to peace, to all blessedness.
 What else were worth the living?

* * * * *

Only yesterday I held in my hand the cup of life,
 And from it might have freely drank,
 But I rudely dashed it down
 And, from the cup of death,
 Damnation drank for all my race!

O Death, thou hast buried thy poisonous fangs
 Deep down in my vital parts,
 And poisoned the fount of life,
 And sent thy death—dealing virus down
 Through countless millions yet unborn!

* * * * *

Yesterday I bore the image of the Voice,
 But in an evil hour I made the fatal choice,
 And drove that fair image from my inner soul,
 And to the power of death gave free control.
 All who come after me shall my image bear,
 And, with my ruined image the curse shall share.
 "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me"
 From this cruel Death that even now, vulture like,
 Preys upon my tortured soul!
 O Death, how dark thy mysterious meaning,
 Yet darker still the accursed thought
 That I have thee bequeathed as my only heritage
 To all my posterity!
 Down, down the ages shall be the story told of my revolt,
 And sin, and suffering, and death
 Go hand in hand, to attest the story true!

Exit Adam.

The Tempter's Second Aftermath.

(Enter Tempter.)

Temp. So I, who from dark perdition came,
 My work well have wrought,
 And now, who in after ages shall me circumvent
 My master must first become
 And bind with chains hitherto unforged.
 She, with tempting guile, born of my cunning skill,
 Hath well her husband plied,
 And now, he hath fallen beneath her will.
 Their progeny, a brood of vipers

Of my own getting shall become
 And own me as their father,
 And in my footsteps walk,
 Worthy sons and daughters of a sire at first despised.
 Henceforth no more despised, but in counsel courted,
 I shall be sought and implicitly obeyed.
 Ha, ha, most gladly too will I lead them lower down
 Until dark perdition I do populate ;
 With their posterity.

Exit Tempter. Curtain falls.

SCENE II.

(Adam and Eve on the stage in full view. Serpent
 Tempter half hidden etc.)

A.

By our mutual act we have ourselves undone,
 And upon our naked souls heaven's vengeance courted.
 Nor can the arm long be stayed
 'Gainst which we have revolted.
 A voice within my soul alarms
 And warns me of a coming storm
 That we shall in no wise escape.
 The past is now beyond recall
 While the future in darkness is deeply veiled.
 Yet, out of that darkness comes a voice ;
 " Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

E.

My self-reproach now burns like a fiery lake within,
 While I remember that I am the " mother of all sin!"
 In my dreams yesternight I saw myself onward swirled
 Ever bearing a world of woe enough to crush the world.
 Surely there is no death like this remorseless memory
 Of a ruined past!
 Could it be forever blotted out and in its stead
 One ray of hope the future guild,

Then could the present, however dark, be borne.
 But when I recall that I myself first destroyed—
 Then later dragged thee down.
 There is no death so dark as mine.
 O Death, thou art to me a most welcome friend,
 If thou wilt only bear me hence
 Oblivious of a guilty past.
 Coming ages shall me abhor.
 My name, in dark repulsion held,
 Shall none of my sisters wear,
 But, lost and to dark oblivion consigned
 It shall forever be.

A.

Surely our self-reproach is just,
 And burneth as doth a fire within,
 Nor from it can we flee.
 By the once loving Voice we are forsaken
 While angels, as from pestilence, hath the garden fled.
 Thus we are left to walk alone,
 Unclad to each other's shame.
 May we not some way provide
 This nakedness to conceal
 Which in our childish state we had not known?

E.

Behold, in the garden doth the fig tree grow,
 And from its foliage ample, covering we shall provide.
 (They repair to the fig tree and make for themselves
 aprons.
 (While thus engaged the Voice is heard :)

V.

"Where art thou, Adam?"

A. to E.

List! Our sin and shame are known.

In the garden's deep retreat we will ourselves conceal.

(They haste to conceal themselves in a bower.

(Once more the Voice is heard :)

V.

"Where art thou, Adam?"

(They come forth tremblingly.)

A.

I heard Thy voice in the garden,

And being naked was ashamed,

And to deep concealment fled.

V.

Who told thee that thou wast naked?

Hast thou despised my word and eaten of the tree
forbidden?

A.

The woman whom thou gavest to be with me,

Gave unto me and I did eat,

And lo! My nakedness was revealed.

V.

(To woman) Woman, what is this that thou hast done,

Thus to bring reproach upon all thy kind?

E.

The serpent beguiled me and I did eat

And to my husband gave.

V.

Serpent, come thou forth.

(The Tempter comes, crouching with fear.)

Because thou hast done this deed

Thou art cursed above all cattle and every creeping
thing.

Thine erect form shall be cast down,

Prone upon thy belly shalt thou creep,
And the dust of the earth shalt thou eat all the days of
thy life.

Enmity also will I put between thee and the woman ;
Between thy seed and her seed.

Her seed shall bruise thy head,
While thou shalt only bruise his heel.

Henceforth go, to meet, in every turn of life,
In man a deadly foe,
And know thou that, in the last battle,
He shall thee utterly overthrow.

(Tempter falls down on his face and goes wriggling off
the stage).

V.

Woman, thy lot henceforth a suffering one shall be.
In sorrow and in travail shalt thou bring forth children
Thy desire shall be toward thy husband,
And over thee shall he bear rule.
But as thou was first in the transgression,
Even so shalt thou be in the redemption of thy fallen
race,

For in ages coming shall a son be of woman born
Who shall break the tempter's power,
And man's lost estate restore.
Thus, down the cycles of coming time shall woman,
Be raised from her low estate,
And lead in giving blessings unto man.
Thy sudjugation now, meaneth service to thyself
And to thy fair sisters, who shall of thee be born.

V.

Adam, because thou hast to thy wife given heed
And eaten of the tree forbidden,
Cursed be the ground for thy sake,

In sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life ;
 Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth,
 And thou shalt eat the herb of the field.
 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread
 'Til thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou
 taken.

Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return.

Behold, I will not leave thee naked,
 But will better clothing give,
 Of skins of animals on sacrificial altar slain
 In token of the blood that cleanseth from all sin.
 These wear till thy hand by cunning skill,
 Shall better covering provide.

V.

Gabriel, come forth.

(He comes forth clad in shining garments wearing a
 crown and bearing a drawn sword).

Behold! The man is become as one of us,
 To know both good and evil.

Lest, therefore, he put forth his hand
 And take also of the tree of life,
 And eat and live forever

(A sinner beyond power to redeem),

Therefore, clothe him and send him from the garden
 forth

To till the ground whence he was taken,
 And keep thou well the gate of Paradise,
 With flaming sword turning every way
 To guard approach to the tree of life.

Yet, send him not forth without a star of hope.
 Place in his hand a burning lamp,
 Symbolic of a Father's undying love.

Tell him that through a Mediatorial King

To a Father's home he shall yet return,
And, returning, bring a countless host
From the power of sin redeemed.

(Gabriel approaches *A.* and *E.* and clothes them with
skins ; and, after hanging his sword upon the Tree
of Life, says :

G.

At the high behest of Him,
Whose presence immensity fills,
I come to bid thee hence.

Go thou forth to till the soil whence thou wast taken ;
Go to reap what thou hast sown ;
Go to measure thy strength with each returning day,
Until to dust thou shalt return.

Yet go not forth in darkness alone to wander.
This lamp take, a symbol of light and love divine ;
(He takes the lamp).

Gathering assurance that:
It leadeth to a light, brighter far
Than ere yet hath shown in sun or star.

Returning to the dust thou shalt rise again,
And over all thy sin in triumph reign.
Be not dismayed, make Him thy choice,
Who first spoke to thee through hidden voice.
He is thy Father and doth love thee still ;
Then yield thou to Him thy responsive will.
His love to thee as a fire doth forever burn,
Until redeemed in glory thou shalt return.
And returning bring innumerable sons and daughters
From the power of death set free.

A. to E.

The past can bring us no returns of pleasures lost ;



The future hath but a single star.
 In the light of that star now let us walk.
 It may yet lead to hope,
 And that hope may lead to heaven.

The earth now trembling 'neath the curse
 By our sin induced,
 May yet come forth as gold from dross refined,
 And in living beauty stand,
 A fit abode for angels and their God.
 For our bright memories perished,
 Others may yet be born,
 And strew life's pathway with ten thousand flowers
 With a beauty hitherto unseen.

Then cheer thee, my fair, my tender bride ;
 Hence, let us go, walking side by side,
 Joined in all the conflicts of a varied life,
 A faithful husband and a true and loving wife,
 'Til the voice of Him who hath this life given,
 Shall call us home to his sweet rest in heaven.
 (Exit A. and E. while the curtain falls).

[THE END].

note 3/17/98 to hays

March 5, 1898

SAN FRANCISCO: SATURDAY

CLAMINETT, CALIF. 1898
"THE DRAMA
OF EDEN."

The Play Written by Rev.
A. M. Russell Under
That Title.

The Rev. A. M. Russell, who is well known in this city, is one of those reverend gentlemen who believes that the stage is susceptible of elevation. More than that, he is willing to take a hand in elevating it. To this end he has written a play, which he entitles "The Drama of Eden." On the drama as published appears the modest announcement that it is "by Rev. A. M. Russell, until recently pastor of Hamilton-square Baptist Church, San Francisco, Cal." In this form appears his contribution to the betterment of the histrionic art.

But to elevate the stage something more than the writing of ennobling dramas is required. They must also be presented to the public in order that it may see for itself and



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recognize the wide difference between good and bad in the mimic world. The Rev. Mr. Russell's play is written; now it must be put on the boards or the stage may not be elevated after all, and that were a consummation devoutly to be regretted.

With this thought in mind, the Rev. Mr. Russell went to S. H. Friedlander, the well-known theatrical manager, and submitted to him "The Drama of Eden," at the same time requesting him to place it on the boards for the elevation of the stage and the betterment of mankind. Mr. Friedlander has given the drama careful consideration and has regretfully announced that he fears it will be impossible for him to lift the stage, as suggested by the Rev. Mr. Russell. The drama naturally is idyllic and primitive and he apprehends that the modern taste, molded and possibly vitiated as it has been by centuries of civilization, might not appreciate its finer points and simple, undraped beauty. In an interview Mr. Friedlander said:

"After carefully reading the play, I am of the opinion that it would be impossible to produce it. It could not be put on in a proper and realistic manner. First, the property man or costumer would be compelled to get some big fig leaves from Fresno for Adam and Eve. It certainly would never do for them to be dressed in modern tights. The public would not accept them in such guise, and, moreover, to dress them in any other costume than that described in the Bible would kill all the romance."

This is an obstacle to staging "The Drama of Eden," which might readily have occurred to a less experienced person than Mr. Friedlander, and while the clerical author has attempted to avoid the difficulty by announcing that Eve first appears to Adam as "a beautiful woman in simple attire," he does not fully suc-

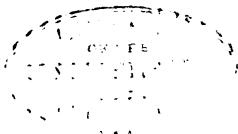
ceed in doing so. Even supposing that the first lady of the land was arrayed in a Mother Hubbard and a garden hat—and what could be more simple?—it is evident that Bible readers would feel that there was a certain incongruity between the costume and the supposed time and place of its appearance. No matter how simple the costume might be, it is apparent that it would jar the consistencies to some extent.

Mr. Friedlander further says: "The only other character of any importance besides Adam and Eve is the serpent, which the dramatist calls 'The Tempter.' It would be difficult to get a boa constrictor to act this part, it might be possible, though, to secure one from Hagenbeck's famous collection of snakes."

This objection, however, does not appear to be so insurmountable as the first. It is quite possible that the public could be prevailed upon to accept a snake of inferior size. The men who go out between the acts would cheerfully do so, at any rate.

Says Mr. Friedlander further: "The first scene, first act, is the Garden of Eden, 'with all the animals in friendly league.' I don't know how he would arrange this, except to get human beings to don the hides of wild animals, as they are compelled to in the present stage of the game. All of the love scenes are so vividly portrayed between Adam and Eve that it is doubtful if even the French people would accept it. One advantage in producing the play in California would be that there would be no trouble in securing plenty of young and aspiring amateur actors and actresses to play the parts."

The Rev. Mr. Russell left last evening for Napa and will remain there several days, in order to rest and recuperate after the intellectual strain of dramatization.



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